GIBBONADE.

FIRST NUMBER.

O GUARDIAN Genius of Hibernia, ſay,
How long her ſons muſt feel th' oppreſſive ſway.
Of *rude prerogative?*—While honeſt zeal,
And upright efforts for the public weal
Are repreſented to the Royal ear,
By each *mean placeman*, and *each puppy peer*,

As the effects of ſome diſloyal cauſe,

Subverſive of religion and the laws.

United Iriſhmen, whoſe boſoms beat,

With native honour as with native heat.—

United Iriſhmen, a glorious band,

Who ſtood the guardians of their native land,

When all Britannia's *hireling troops* were hurl'd

On wakening freedom, in a diſtant world.

—United Iriſhmen were ſurely they,

Who volunteer'd it in affliction's day*.

—United Iriſhmen, muſt now forbear

One hope, thoſe bleſſings they maintain'd, to ſhare.

—Proſcribed, inſulted, in a pillag'd land,

Whoſe partial parcels feed a hungry band.

—*A*

* The Author alludes to the year 1780, when deſerted by the ſiſter kingdom, Iriſhmen firſt united in defence of their country, its laws and liberties.

—*A ſervile pack of miniſterial hounds,*

Who hunt preferment over falſhood's ground,

Whoſe ſouls no purity of thought retain,

No friend but Intereſt,—and no God but gain.

See public ſpirit ſhrin'd in BUTLER's form,

With every other grace and virtue warm,

Condemn'd ſix moons within thoſe walls to dwel

Where felon horrors, form a local hell.

—Where deſp'rate wretches, draw contagious breath,

And their cells open—but for ſin or death.

There Butler dwells, the gentle the humane;

—Butler the generous; thro' whoſe every vein

Illuſtrious blood has flowed without a ſtain.

While the *quaint minion of corruption's hour,*

Unknown to worth and arrogant of power;

Upon

apering, yet vindictive tongue,
Juſtice ſees her balance hung;
Lord (the Lord knows why) this angry rat
is'd in the brief authority of ſtate;
Whoſe breaſt with evr'y biting miſchief fraught
Ne'er ſpawn'd by accident—one generous thought,
Dares to inſult a man whoſe honeſt heart
Breathes thro' his lips, and ſcorns the gloſs of art,
—A man whom Heaven's great ruler has deſign'd,
Not for the ſcourge, but comfort of Mankind.
Of porcelain mould, whoſe principles and birth
Forbid all cement with the *pipe-clay earth*
Of Jacky Gingerbread, the pert, the vain,—
In prieſtcraft hatch'd—and gender'd in chicane,
Whoſe grandſire (* like the carpenter that ſtood,
Debating on the piece of fig-tree wood)

Oft

* Vide Horace's Satire on the God of the Gardens.

Oft ſat revolving on his long-hair'd be
Whether to make a *pedlar* or a *prieſt*,
Of Jacky Gingerbread's redoubted ſire*;
Till warm'd by ſomething like prophetic fire.
A prieſt! a prieſt! the milky merchant cry'd;
A prieſt! a prieſt! the *bubbling churns* reply'd
Yes, yes, rejoin'd old butter-milk, at leaſt,
The boy ſhall go in training for a prieſt;
Since, as a pedlar—long before his earning,
'Twould coſt ſome gold—and he may beg his
learning.
—And ſo he did; as many an acr'd fool,
Whoſe fathers paid for at the ſelf-ſame ſchool.
Can well atteſt; as alſo ſhew the place
Where Jacky Gingerbread's renowned face,
Upheld a caſtle, in the days of yore,
Whoſe walls were *mud*, and *genuine earth* the floor.

Whence

* Lord Jacky's Grand-father retailed Butter-milk in Limerick.

ery day th' illuſtrious ſtripling took
.ſic walk to learn his book.
Omer's next receiv'd the ſtudious boy,
And theologics did his time employ,
'Till his *great father*, in prophetic trance,
Saw future days, and called him back from France.
Yes, gentle reader, *Jacky's* grandſire ſaw,
Religion yielding to the graſp of law,
He ſaw in dreams—which all great men reſpect,
He ſaw what ſingleneſs could ne'er effect.
In, or the mind, or perſon of a ſon,
By whom *ſuch things*—were to be got and done.

He ſaw drawn up in all the glare of ſtate,
True London mould—and at the Caſtle gate :—
Nearer and nearer, in his dreams approach,
The birth-day glories—of a *grandſon's coach.*

He

He ſaw all this, and bid the boy lay down
His *chriſtian doctrine*, and adore the crown.
Quick from St. Omer's at preferment's name,
The eleemoſynary ſtudent came,
Forſook his beads and in the temple grew
At once a lawyer—proteſtant—and jew:
He ſtudy'd, practis'd, marry'd, got male heirs,
And alſo a few amiable—*ſhe bears*;
Who with legitimacy, all inherit,
Their father's piety—and brother's ſpirit.
Star of that *chamber*, held in *Puppy place*,
Cream of the jeſt—and firſt of all his race:
That red-hot proteſtant Lord Jacky comes,
Whoſe faith reſembles a recruiter's drums;
A hollow—ſhallow—unenlightened round,
Brac'd up for preſent uſe—and big with ſound;

Such *Jacky's* faith and who "could blame the boy"

Should he th' aſpiring Catholics deſtroy?
With rankling envy while his bowels burn,
Each man of ſcience, he offends in turn;
Fitzgerald, Curran, and had Burgh been ſpar'd,
Th' angelic Burgh, his *impudence* had ſhar'd,
Curran, whoſe words in lively periods roll,
The quick tranſlators of his fervid ſoul;
Curran by nature form'd in ſuch eſtate
That none but *Jacky Gingerbread* could hate;
Yet *Jacky* hates him, with that double zeſt,
Which fear gives *envy* in a tyrant's breaſt.

Divine inſpirer of the poet's dream!
Forgive my wandering on ſo baſe a theme,
Nor blame th' hiſtoric page tho' void of rule,
Whoſe truth ſhall anſwer for its ridicule.

And

And O! ye powers that partially inſpire,
The two-fold magic of a brothers lyre*,
Who' born to equal heights, on either wing,
Can mourn a red-breaſt, tho' he roaſt's a K—
O! give your humble vot'ry with HIS name,
One heavenly ſpark of that etherial flame;
Which warm'd his fancy! midſt the dews of night
To gild the glow-worm with celeſtial light.
Then ſhall I prove with all the force of truth,
The light of reaſon, and the fire of youth;
At bars—on benches—or in church or ſtate,
How weak the mighty, and how ſmall the great.

Then ſhall Lord Jacky and each pliant tool,
A ſtateſman works with, ſhine in ridicule,

* Peter Pindar.

—Then ſhall the muſe with miſſive weapons foil,
The lordly weeds that choak Ierne's ſoil.
Shoot at the mitred wolves, as they aſſemble,
And ſhew how ſpirituals for temporals tremble.

Some mitred heads there are, whoſe crowns receive,
As much pontific glory as they give.
Such Bennet wears, and ſuch pacific Law,
Who felt for all the wretchedneſs he ſaw;
Whoſe lib'ral ſoul enlighten'd and refin'd,
Like his great maſter, loves all human kind,
Bennet was ſure, the only bleſſing ſent,
To gild the *boy king's* ſtarving government,
Unſtain'd with guile, on Bennet's manly tongue,
Good nature and ſound argument are hung,

He, plain good man, with willing mercy fraught,
Lent Heaven thoſe tythes for which D— W——d
fought;
Fought tooth and nail, to work an eighth edi-
tion*,
Of a fine pamphlet, where the word ſedition,
Choak'd ev'ry pray'r, in ev'ry meek petition.
Addreſs'd by ſtarving hinds, to whoſe diſtreſs,
Tythe jobbing C———, prohibited redreſs.

But when ſtrong miſ'ries on the mind convolve,
Deſpair itſelf oft ſtimulates reſolve:
Thus arm'd with famine, and by fury led,
They ruſh'd on vengeance, when their babes lack'd
bread.
This W———d knew, and let his vulture clan,
Still grind the poor, for him and Iſaac Mann.

But

* Alluding to the Dean's Pamphlet, publiſhed in 1787.

But C—— was buſily employ'd I'm told,
For love of God, ſome ſay, but more of gold,
To prove the high church provender in danger
Of failing to his Holineſs's manger.
The *layman too. (tho' now in Radcliffe's chair)
Who rules ſo quietly the Podereen mare,
Aſſiſted the right r—d pamphleteer
To make the whore of Babylon appear,
In *tete a tete* with a ſeditious fryar,
A Cork ſkrew monk, who prov'd my L-d a Lyar:
Ill fated, W—d, 'twas a deſperate pinch
O'Leary gave thee, and reveng'd poor Lynch,
Thy faith to him, thy kindneſs to the child,
Thy ſtarving peaſantry with hunger wild,
All prove thee *juſt*, *meek*, *merciful* and *mild*.
But if one mitre takes up ſo much time
To mount its virtues on the ſtilts of rhyme,

So

* Dr. Duigenan, whoſe wife is a Roman Catholic.

So many more no muſe's pen can tell,

And I muſt pack them,—as they 'll be in Hell,

Where ſatan's ſelf will ſcarce have room to place,
With proper dignity,—my Lord——your grace,
Now long jaw'd C— mouths out perſecution,
And follows up Lord Jacky's reſolution:
And boxing B—y who ſtill hopes to wear
The triple glories of the P—'s chair,
If *Jacky's* brother don't ſupplant him there.

O! never!—never! may that ancient ſee,
Much honor'd Robinſon, ſo bleſt in thee,
Beneath that worthleſs, apron'd idiot groan
Whoſe head's a ſnow-ball—and his heart a ſtone.

R—t of D—n you had acted better,
And anſw'ring Pindar's laſt proſaic letter;

But

But for the preſent, I ſhall let you be *

And ſome there are who always paſs *ſcot free*,

But 'tis not ſo with ev'ry titl'd Jacky,
Rapacious prieſt, and ſpeeching nickey nacky;
Such as I ween the noble Earl to be,
(Tho' none more great at picture ſales than he)
Who Pantheus like ſaw double in his fears,
And told, indeed, a *ſtory* to his peers,
Of *cock and bull*, though not Shandean mould,
But in its kind—the worſt that e'er was told,

He ſaid, he ſaw a gentleman one day,
Who knew a man—who knew a prieſt—to ſay,
That ſome poor wretches hang'd without much warning,
Might reach the gates of mercy before morning,
Without a popiſh or poetic trick
The Litany,—or Office for the ſick,

* Shire Dialect, well underſtood by his Grace.

Were all the words the pariſh prieſt made uſe of,
And all his Lordſhip made ſuch groſs abuſe of,
Let honeſt Candour paſs her mildeſt ſtricture,
His Lordſhip *ſlily* (as he'd buy a picture,
By ſecond hand) made this religious handle
Of hair-brain wretches ſtrung by inch of candle,
A birth-right connoiſſeur, Lord Nicky Nacky *
Can tell the maſter-touches, in Lord *Jacky*,
Not *Jacky* Vain—but *Jacky Gingerbread*
The *boy King* raiſes his inglorious head,
But to perform what Billy Pitt deſires,
Juſt as a puppet dances on the wires,
Not ſo Lord *Jacky Gingerbread*, whoſe ſoul
Above the ſlaviſh habits of controul,
Now ſcorns the meaſures by which once he crept,
To public favour, while ſuſpicion ſlept;
And with ſuperlatively *ſapient grin*,
(Deſcriptive of the vaſt profound within)

* Earl of F——t——m.

Declar'd he thought his ſenſes were deceived,
And maugre evidence, yet ſcarce believ'd,
Aſpiring Catholics would dare to ſtand
As candidates to guard their native land.
Beſotted people!—who at trifles rage;
And whoſe reſentment trifles can aſſuage.

But thanks for ever to thoſe pow'rs who laid
So little emphaſis on what he ſaid,
Aſtrea's ſelf deſcending from the ſkies,
Illum'd our ſenate with her ardent eyes,
Illiberal prejudice confeſs'd her ſway;
And honour's ſuff'rages obtained the day;
Nay, even *Jacky* who ſo lately roſe
The bill, in all its clauſes to oppoſe.
To ſhew good-breading was his genuine fort,
Wav'd his own judgment to oblige the Court.

Yes *Jacky's* ſelf, and ſpeeching Charly yield,
And leave *aſpiring Catholics* the field,
Committees ſecret, and Chimeras dire,
May now, like phoſphorus, in ſtench expire,
Now daſhing Dick's competitor *may make,
(As Nuncle ſaid) an amiable miſtake,
He who ſtep'd forth with more than Weichſell's grace
The fool and fidler playing in his face,
And ſhot his bolt, with laudable deſign,
Of adding weight to Simon Butler's fine;
But Bolt and fiddle's broke, illuſtrious youth!
Bytaſte thy fiddle, and thy bolt by truth.—
But peers may now for different parts engage,
And make Fiſhamble-ſtreet the only ſtage,
Where *bold bad ſpeaking* can diſgrace the age.

* Earl W———h.

United Iriſhmen ſhall feel no more,
The partial Edicts of aſſumptive Power,
Nor witling Lords to different priſons ſend,
Men on whoſe lives ſo many lives depend.
Now Viſcount Quibble* with ſagacious ſhrug
May ſpin his wretched puns into a drug,
Of ſtaler nauſea, than ever lay,
On phyſick's ſhelf in health's high holiday.—
Nor could Lord *Jacky* (mateh him if you can)
With all his ſneers intimidate THAT MAN,
That plain untitled man who never ſold
His Faith for Faſhion, or his Friend for gold.
Now lynx-eyed jealouſy in vain may ſeek
A tinge diſloyal on Ierne's cheek
Try'd in affliction's furnace we behold,
Her virtue riſing like refiners gold,
While

* Lord D——n.

While taught by ſorrow to encounter bliſs,
With chaſten'd rapture, ſhe accepts the kiſs
Of ſmiling Freedom, who returns once more
To pour her bleſſings on this fertile ſhore.
No more her harmleſs ſports ſhall be withſtood
Nor a *Lowth Mower* ſteep his ſcythe in blood
Nor 'Tween true ſubjects and the beſt of Kings
Shall evil ſpeakers, ſay perfidious things,
True to their ſovereign, to their country juſt
Hibernia's chiefs will ne'er betray their truſt.
'Tis true, unnatural ſons there may be found
Who ſcorn maternal, becauſe humble ground;
There's ſcarce a mungrel hound but he diſdains
That kindred blood which flows within his veins,
*Even Paddy who has got a *box* I hear,
(And juſtly if preſented to his ear)
That

* Dr. Duigenan,

That black mouth'd cur whoſe ſire the pariſh
fed,
When (like *Lord Jacky's*) he gave faith for bread;
Old Amen left religion in the lurch,
To bark reſponſes at St. Bridget's Church——
At births and burials he inſured a ſnack,
And made a * *Trencher-man of Paddy Whack.*

That dog in fore-head, who with language baſe
And terms as meanly ſordid as his face,
With bull dog viſage,—and as ſweet a note
As ever iſſued from—a bull dog's throat,
Opens a rude, opprobrious attack
Would ſhame St. Giles and drive e'en fiſhwives
back;
Yet even he would fain enrich the *mud*,
From whence he ſprung with drops of gentle
blood;

But

* What we call Sizers

But that's impoſſible—for there he ſtands,
The rudeſt workmanſhip of nature's hands.

Lord *Jacky* too—I'm very ſure would rather
Tho' (by the by) call ſome *great man his father*,
Than that my flippant pen ſhould ever be,
The faithful herald of his pedigree;
Or with tenacious accuracy trace,
The *mortal galaxy* in Jacky's race,
Illuſtrious race! nor does the marriage chain
Lord *Jacky* wears, its ſwelling current ſtain,
For when repuls'd with ſcorn by Mrs. Gayly
He mingl'd blood with Chapel-burning W—y.

Sprang from a race of Heroes whoſe renown,
Long fill'd the country—and ſtill fills the town.
Lord *Jacky Gingerbreads's* Illuſtrious mate
Still anxious dreads the ever-pending fate
Of two *brave brothers*, and deſpiſes ſtate.

Nor

Nor do her eyes emit one gleam of joy,
To ſee Lord *Jacky*—in his London toy.
O! with what tears ſhe bid the youths adieu
When one for debt and one for m—r flew,
Ill-natur'd *Jacky* who refuſed to hide
The parting Heroe—when the coachman died.

Too valiant youth t'had been a ſhocking brief
Had life forſook thee at the falling leaf*,
And ſhould *Aſtrea's deputy deſcend*
To hide a relative or ſcreen a friend.
The blue ey'd Goddeſs of the *beam and ſcales*
Might ſtrip Lord *Jacky*—of his *wig and Tails*;
But wigs like *his* require Sublimer ſtrains,
And *Heads* that wear them more irradiate brains
O Muſe of Brains, and eke of wigs rehearſe!!
In all the dignity of *State-day verſe*,

How

* Does the Author mean the autumn leaf or the leaf at newgate?

How 'midſt the ſhouts of an admiring throng,
Lord *Jacky Gingerbread*—was drawn along,
In all the pomp of ermine and gold lace
To meet Great G—s *Sub*—at *Puppy place.*
Doors, walls and windows were ſo throng'd with people,
That ſome, they ſay, climb'd up the *College Steeple*;
Nurſes with Children, from all quarters ran,
To ſee the carriage of the *New Great man*;
Lord Jacky's ſelf, *all tremulous with fear*,
Left ſome unlucky boy might come too near,
Put out his head to ſee the crowd approach,
And begg'd they would not ſpoil—his *pretty coach.*
Whither O! Fancy, have I ſtray'd again,
But when I celebrate this MAN of *men*,
Deſcription wantons on my eager pen.

Nor could three years, in my mind's eye deſtroy
The natal pomp of *Jacky's London toy.*

But Now *Lord Jacky*, rich in that renown,
That ever pays the *ſerviles* of the crown,
May ſink to reſt with public favour cloy'd,
Or ſeek amuſement from his creature B***,
B*** in whoſe face the purple vintage grows,
Swells in his cheek,—and ripens in his noſe,
B——, who if poſſible—would take a wench,
And eke a bottle—to the judge's bench.
Accommodating B—— will yet procure
Some Cyprian myrtle, at the garden-door,
Of his great patron, and obſequious wait,
For further orders at the ſtable gate;
But few *poor courtiers* would ſuch ſervice grudge,
Could every *Jacky* make his p*** a judge.

In after times ſhould the hiſtoric muſe
Make ſleepleſs kings our news-papers peruſe,
Where *B——s atchievements* ſwell the leaves of fame,
With Media's monarch, loudly they'll exclaim,
What *wenches—benches—bottles*—did requite,
The man in whom Lord *Jacky* took delight.

Peace to Lord *Jacky* and the motley crew;
My better genius bids ſuch themes adieu.
Prophetic raptures ſpeak ſome near delight,
And Erin's glories open on my ſight,
Unuſual tranſport elevates my ſoul,
And bids my verſe on freedom's baſis roll.
Hail ſacred freedom! eldeſt born of heav'n,
To Erin's ſons, may'ſt thou be ever giv'n,
In ARTS and ARMS, and VIRTUES may they grow,
Dear to their FRIENDS and dreadful to their foe.

On Labour's cheek may health and plenty play,
Blythe as the paſtimes of this *feſtive day.
—In Erin's vales, may ſcience love to dwell,
And her own Druids tune the vocal ſhell,
May peace and honour, on their dewy wings,
Waft willing homage to the beſt of Kings.
Long, Long, may George parental bleſſings give,
To Erin's ſons, and filial love receive;
And may THAT TITLE, dreadful to the ears
Of evil ſpeakers—and *ignoble* peers,
UNITED IRISHMEN—for ever be,
A Strengthen'd term, for virtuous Liberty.

V.Z.48

* May-day, 1793. *Patt Pindar.*